

He will bless, uphold, and guide you,
To your conquest all grace bring;
Give you here to share His glory,
Yonder crown you as a king!

Brethren, has the Captain blessed you,
Filled your coffers with His gold?
Are you now for active service,
Far too weak, perhaps too old?

Open then your hearts and purses,
Pray, and give what He has given;
Thus, through Christ's young valliant soldiers,
Fight, and guide the lost to heaven!

W. POOLE BALFERN.

In *Missionary Herald*.

Sister Belle's Corner.

(For the Little Folks who read this Paper.)

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS.—You will all have enjoyed the description of a "missionary day" in India which Mr. McLaurin gave us last month. It made us see the life we had only thought about and prayed for before. An aunt of mine in Glasgow recently sent me a little magazine containing many interesting reports from lady missionaries. I will copy part of one from Mrs. Hepburn, who has been for twelve years a missionary in South Africa:—"Our first years were made miserable by a heathen chief who hindered and persecuted us in many ways. He fined us many times because herd-boys that he had himself provided allowed our cows to damage his gardens. At last he fired down upon our houses from the hill tops. Still we persevered in our efforts, and at last gathered a class of young girls and boys who studied eagerly, and some of them continued with us for years. We cannot obtain servants easily in Africa. While the missionary must build his own house, his wife must bake the bread, cook the dinner, and do all that a good general servant would at home. By and by as the Africans learn to know and respect the missionary a few lads are willing to come and help, and sometimes become quite useful in out door and kitchen work. Girls are looked upon as of great value to their parents for the drawing of water which is more precious to them than gold. Our water supply is often very small. Before the rainy season begins most European traders leave our town to wait nearer some river until the rains fall. The women and girls sit in crowds all day long to draw this precious fluid. We are often compelled to hire two lads to draw water for us at night. All cattle are sent away, and we have no longer the milk our children need so much in a part of the country where fruit and vegetables cannot be obtained. After a great deal of persuasion at times the father of a young girl would consent if we gave him a young cow, to let his daughter remain with us for one year. Clothing and blankets have to be provided by us which she takes away with her when she goes. But months before the year had expired the father would return and claim the girl, saying that her mother could not do without her. Then this little girl whom we had tamed, whose clothing we had made good, whom we had partially taught, would return to her heathen home, and we had to begin at the beginning with another. At last we could no longer meet the heavy demands; sometimes the father asking a pound a week instead of the pound a month we offered. But the girls were willing to come in a class and take lessons in reading. I had the great pleasure of seeing several of the older members of my class received into the church, and many of them became

happy Christian wives and mothers. One Sunday morning my husband returning from an early morning service found a baby lying on the sharp rocks among the hills. Our little folks were quite excited to see me bathing a black baby. Its little head and shoulders were cut in several places by the rocks in which it had been rolling and crying all night. It was only eight days old, but was supposed to be possessed with an evil spirit which would destroy the family if the baby were allowed to live. Its mother had been given twins instead of one baby, and such births are always avenged in a cruel manner. One baby had been put to death before her eyes, and this one had been carried off to the hills to be devoured by wild animals. Some girls while going to draw water saw my husband carrying it home and remarked to each other that boiling water should have been poured down its throat to put it to death. How sad and terrible is the superstition of the heathen life, as can be seen from this little incident."

Now a little item about work at home. In a certain infant class whose teacher strives to interest the wee ones in foreign missions, when one of the number has a birthday that child brings the next Sunday as many cents for the mission box as there are years in its age. Perhaps older friends may take a hint, and offer a birthday offering to the cause we love so well as one way of thanking God for preserving their lives through another year. And we close this month by a recitation for very wee folks:

The love of Jesus prompts us
Our cents to earn and give,
To send the blessed Bible
Where heathen children live,
That those who worship idols
May learn the better way;
To know and love the Saviour
And serve Him every day.

SISTER BELLE.

420 Lewis Street, Ottawa.

WOMAN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO.

Receipts from Jan. 28th, to Feb. 24th, inclusive.

Mount Brydges, M. C. \$3; Alexander St. (Toronto), M. C., \$28.65; Maple Grove, M. B., \$2; Theford, M. C., \$3; Ballieboro', M. C., \$10; Brantford (E. Ward), M. C., \$11; Brantford (E. Ward), M. B., \$1; Aylmer, M. C., \$5.40; *Wingham, M. B., \$3; St. Catharines, M. C., \$20; a Thank-offering for Missions, \$1.25; Jarvis St. (Toronto), \$34.85. Total, \$131.15.

JESSIE L. ELLIOTT, Treas.,
267 Sherbourne Street, Toronto.

* This is the balance of amount for the support of a boy in Mr. McLaurin's school and a girl in Mr. Timpany's school.

WOMAN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF EASTERN ONT. AND QUE.

Receipts from Dec. 26th, 1884, to Feb. 24th, 1885.

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